

McKAY

on the night of Oct 17, moved to Camp near Murfreesboro on the 18th where we lived like millionaires on the bush that the Country affords - Butter - Eggs - Chickens - Turkey - Ham - Potatoes - biscuits - flight bread - Cakes & all kinds and in fact every thing that a Woman loves think of to tempt the appetite, and were visited daily by the wives - daughters & sweethearts of the soldiers boys and each of them brought something to eat or wear.

We remained quietly in camp until the 30th when we received marching orders, coolly taking and marched in the direction of Nashville, reached Stewart's Creek about dark and camped in the few corners.

On Nov 1st continued march to Fairview ^{4th Camp, while here being in touch of my friends looking for a furlough which was refused.}

On 4th recd marching orders and marched at 8 P.M., marched slowly all night and reached a point one mile south of Nashville just at day light drawing in the pickets who fired on us, we planted a battery on the hill gate here on Murfreesboro hill with 18th Gunn

supporting it, about sunrise (Nov 5) our battery opened fire on the city, we (the private soldiers) of course infested the Yankees to return the fire and send the infantry out to encourage us but they made no response. (I think now that the demonstration was made to allow our Cavalry to approach the city on the east and tear up R.R.) after waiting some time we were ordered back six miles to Nashville. I hastily sent word to the commanding General to not turn back to Fairview while we reached about 5 P.M. remained in camp at Fairview until the 9th when we were ordered back to Murfreesboro

Chattanooga division marches northward on Nov 18th Recd marching camp on 25th at a point below the river, recd marching orders on Dec 5th through Snow - mud and water to French millville about 8 miles from Murfreesboro where we comfortably quartered in the houses in the neighborhood. On 8th we orders to Lebanon, after a short distance were orders back to Fairview John H Morgan now came in with 2000 from Hartsville, they with the arms of war captured with them were turned over to me. The prisoners marched back to Murfreesboro. While camped at German mill the Southern woman for the Confederate Soldier was in my care, I wished to go to Cincinnati with and ride a horse to make the trip. I went to Mrs Branch (Dove) house and his wife with any thing about me loaned me a horse. About Dec 13-14 President Jeff Davis recd Army

I asked again for a leave of absence for 240 to visit the homes of some of my mess mates but refused, I then without leave went home with husband one night with him at home, one night at one night at the widow High, the mother of one night at the widow High, she mother my new mate, on 26th heavy snowfall while going to breakfast a young brother of mine rode up to the gate with a messenger for at once to my command as a bullet was

without waiting to eat breakfast I got my horse & rode to mufniesboro in a gallop. young Jernan going with me to take back the horse. I found the Regt had struck camp and were at the front in line of battle. I went across who was in command of the Co who was very angry with me for leaving camp without permission. I found the warren ^{and} Securus a gun (not my own however which I had left in perfect order) on the 29 am very heavy Artillery firing at the front about 3 pm orders in line at 4^o General building were fired between the lines, at dark we were ordered to support a battery and built fires but were soon orders to put them out, began to rain about midnight, hear artillery firing on the left on 30 am and occasionally infantry, the fighting began early on the 31 on our left wing and the enemy were driven from every position and were almost in complete rout, about 3 pm we were orders to double quick to the left wing which we did crossing the river in water from knee to waist deep, then across an open Cannon field under a heavy fire of artillery with grape -shells, exploding bomb shells, wounding a number of our regiments, after crossing the field we were halted in a cedar thicket, the original battle line of the Yankees and found a great many wounded and dead Yankees. I carried water from a well to the wounded until about mid night, about 2 am we were orders back to our old position on the right wing where we remained quietly except an occasional bombardment from the morning which would force us to move about to keep out of range until the afternoon

of the 2 January when our Division was ordered to charge the enemy who on our right wing, we charged across and were met by a large force of infan about 80 pieces of artillery massed on the in after a short but bloody fight in the open line of the enemy broke and were followed our men with the Rebel yell. when they the reserve force of the Yankees and forces having loss. I was shot through the right minie ball down after shooting off the I was the last of the Color Guards to go forward (the Color Bear) won in the action shot through the body. When I caught hold staff to prevent the fall of the flag ^{as} re wound and we fell together, Capt Mat ^{is} the flag (and has told me since that the the color guard had all fallen so close to could have covered us all with the flag) shot down, George Nelson of mufniesboro flag and carried it safely through the battle remains hillock and finally unconscious ^{reached} I saw the Yankees coming to get up but could not, our men moved of three guns and planted them just on the fire from the guns was nearly hot burn my face, the Yankees buildings all gun carriages like rail and our men to leave the guns as they did not have enough left to take them away. of

was elected I being between the lines received my second wound from a bomb shell fired by the Confederates breaking my left arm and terribly bruising my body (from conversion I was told by the Surgeon). I received several other slight wounds on my legs while lying between the lines. I lay where I fell until about mid-night and received brutal treatment from some of the Yankees. I amelle had Jeff Davis's division marched by and over me and the commanders of Companies would say as they passed me "Look out men here is a wounded man." Some of them would step over me carefully while others would give me a kick and call me a damned rebel. I was covered with blood spots from the bombs, about 12 or 13 soldiers two Yankee boys who were searching the battle field for a friend, saw me and very sorry for me and determined to have me taken to the hospital, one of them would stay with me holding my hands while the other would hunt for an ambulance, it was sometime before they could get one as they were hauling off their own wounded first, they finally received one and helped to lift me in it. We taken to a hospital camp and laid out on the ground they thinking I was too near dead to waste time on, it was then raining, I lay all day Saturday in the rain without any attention being paid me when I would call for water they would say you dont need water we will take you to the grave you after a while, I did not suffer however as I could suck the water out of my coat sleeve as it rained on me, about dark Saturday finding I would not die I was pulled up and laid in a tent.

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Confederate died in this tent, one of whom across my legs and lay there several hours, during about noon I was moved to another occupied by both Confederates of Yankee wounded I was given breakfast, the first food off since I had eaten since Friday.

This Monday morning the Yankees sight-seeing the rounds of the camp returning the ones of them examining me and decided to cut my arm could be saved, I at first refused this they then not, but finding that this I then begged them not to cut it off, this attracted of the chief, a big dutch surgeon and informed me and said let him alone, he wants to die let him go so they left me and Florida Soldier who was wounded almost miserably through the thigh but did not have many wounds, he made no objection if they took him out cut off his leg was broken and the next day he died, on no other a handsome young Yankee Soldier that I know of his leg no bone broken. He seemed under the pain first gave up and died, the Surgeon who no room for him to die, just quickly got at my hand (a Yankee) died, as there were died and neither of them seemed to be worse than I was. the young Surgeon in charge was a nice gentleman and very kind to the invalids, he was from New Orleans

his address so I might write to him but unfortunately I lost it, about the 7th or 8th Louper Texas (a union or Yankee sympathizer) the only man & in his neighborhood who would venture inside the Yankee lines came with Mrs RR Columns in search of her husband who was missing as his wife hoped to find him in the hospital (she was never found) his two brothers Hull & Gillie were both killed on Sunday, I was reported killed on the field and Bob Dillon reported that he had turned me over to them that I was dead. As we drew up Mrs Co. were very much surprised to find me, Mr Gross took a great interest in me, he presented a certificate from the surgeon that I was mortally wounded and with this he got a pass to take me out of the lines.

Elias Barker General Marshall General came & named me a hero and gave me a good cursing saying that a great many of my kind had been found blind neck broken & cedar bushes bushwhacking with heroes in their pockets. Mr Gross came for me about 10 (my memory is not clear as to date during this time) with strong wagon and feather bed, the young surgeon before mentioned, gave me a pair of blankets - a bottle of whiskey - some tea - coffee sugar but as soon as the wagon was out of his sight the Yankee guards and Capt. ^{Wade} ~~Wade~~ ^{Wade} took from under my head the whiskey and the blankets from me, the other things they did not find as they were under the feather bed. Mr Gross took me to his home about 10 miles from Marquardt in Wilson County, his family consisted of a wife and six children of his house had only one large room, I could not understand

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until afterwards why he would burden himself with such a man, he was a Union man and friends she can tell his horses, but knew that if he had a woman his horse they would not distract him, he took care of me and no doubt saved my life with his when he got his affairs in shape so that he could out to guard him to town, Capt. James Clegg from Co. G of Cavalry and saw him take the train from where he went to Indiana, I have never seen him since but have repeatedly tried to see the night he left me proved to be the next morning to the tracks, he sold all of his effects that he could to the negroes in the neighborhood who has been his intention to leave, the small bed that I was on held to a big negro fellow who lived near and he informed me that he would stay with me until morning till about midnight, the wagons were not out of the teams began bringing in fence rails to make a fire one end on the fire and the other out on the floor not take time to put or break them, I began to know he would not do me - this he would make me a chair as home, he fills the fire place with the rails I kind a fine fire for a time but did not injure he heated the house to burn and me with it perfectly helpless, but fortunately the rails were a little fine dried out before reaching the floor, the next morning Mr Gross in Quan running from that Mr Gross had come home soon early to become of me, he found me very cold & damp

hurried back home and got some breakfast and clothing for me, he then notified Mr. M.W. (Bunn) Huddleston of my condition & he at once came with wagon & team but not long enough to get house and nursed me until I was able to walk on crutches, sometime during the early summer of 1863 - I have add from Sust. Mrs. M. Wilson during the following

Saturday 9th 1863

Roanoke 18 June 1863

Captoral W-L McRae was unanimously chosen by Co. I 1st June to be presented to the President for promotion for his superior gallantry on the battle field at Murfreesboro on the 2^d day of Jan'y 1863

Brig'g'd H. Grays Commanding Co.

I am inclined to think that the above compliment was paid me directly because I was the worst wounded man in the Company that did not die, it seems almost a miracle that I ever got up at all.

during the year 1863 I remained in the neighborhood of Camville on Crutches a good part of the time.

My friend Tom Rhodes gave me a little room home (they just to keep out of the way of the Yankees) I joined Capt. John Phillips Co. of Cavalry and this to go with them but broke down on account of my wounds and was forced to go back to Mr. Mack's garage where I was staying at was confined to bed again several weeks & became despondent that I could not return ride or walk and abandoned all idea of

trying to live in the army again, had I been inside

the Confederate lines I could have served in the Cavalry or Artillery department or in a Clinical capacity at

some post but has no opportunity to go south and to pay my way! I remains in the neighborhood of Camville until about 1st of 1864 I felt that I the gods spoke long enough. I walked over from Hammett to Hamptons (with me or rather let me go with him) to Hamptons (with me or rather let me go with him) my horse recovered so that I could come home & went with security that I would fight no more! I then traded my fast horse back to my friend Jim for a big black condemned battle horse about 17 ha. he had found wandering in the Cedars and started when I got to Savoyne my old horse was about played stopped all night with Mr. Gabe Watson who used to propose to trade horses with me, my old black lost him standing in the stable & he gave me a little less 10th of my night looking for my horse & told that it was the worst horse trade he ever made I reached my Grand father's house on Sunday no date forgotten.

John H. Gray
Pay a Doctor of wages

A friend grew weary of my noise & fire, with due to his funk and soliloquized thus, my work all in tatters, my shirt without collar a thousand miles from home and have not a doi-

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Scanty the fare we which we are fed.
Is better than Coffee or gun-wadding bread
The bacon is as old as I, if not older,
The hogs of the Yankees are. During all shoulder

2

The butter we buy is old enough to walk
The milk we buy is whitewashed with chalk
The Yanks take the beef to fatten their own rations
And give us poor Reb's the bread-milk & ham.

3

But this is not half the trouble we brook

Our nations of Woods are so short we can't cook
the tough shank-bones of Old Bull & Gull
Neither can we make our bacon Coffee boil.

4

Sometimes we get water from the hydrants outside
Sometimes when thirsty we're coldly denied
by amus Yankee soldiers who Day with a sneer
You damned rebels can't get water free

5

We damage in part if we get them to trial
The last news from Richmond is singular indeed

They are sorely pressed on every hand
The blessings of heaven are all @ contrabands

6

Then all of our little are spiced up & glazed
By the middlemost hands of some Yankee girls
Sometimes they take little money and all
Without giving us any team at all.

7

Part of late they agree to pay us one half of
the money sent to us moneys the turning
the money when paid my advances is
must be taken in goods at Suzies high prices

8

And thus they continue committing such crimes
Ungrateful persons in all modum times
There is nothing so base they'd trouble to do
For the pitiful sum of a dollar or two

9

But not satisfied with their postal pilfering
And thieving perhaps we're destined down Cain
They marched us out of our quarters like whom
And Deceived our barrels committing great @

10

Tobacco - Jack knives - money and watches
All fill a prey to their pilfering thieving
They took books from some of clothing from others
And from some the pictures of their dead mothers

11

Thus we are treated by a nation that boast
Of us other nations of liberty the most
They are all villains and such I swear
The devil is being greatly robbed of his due

12